

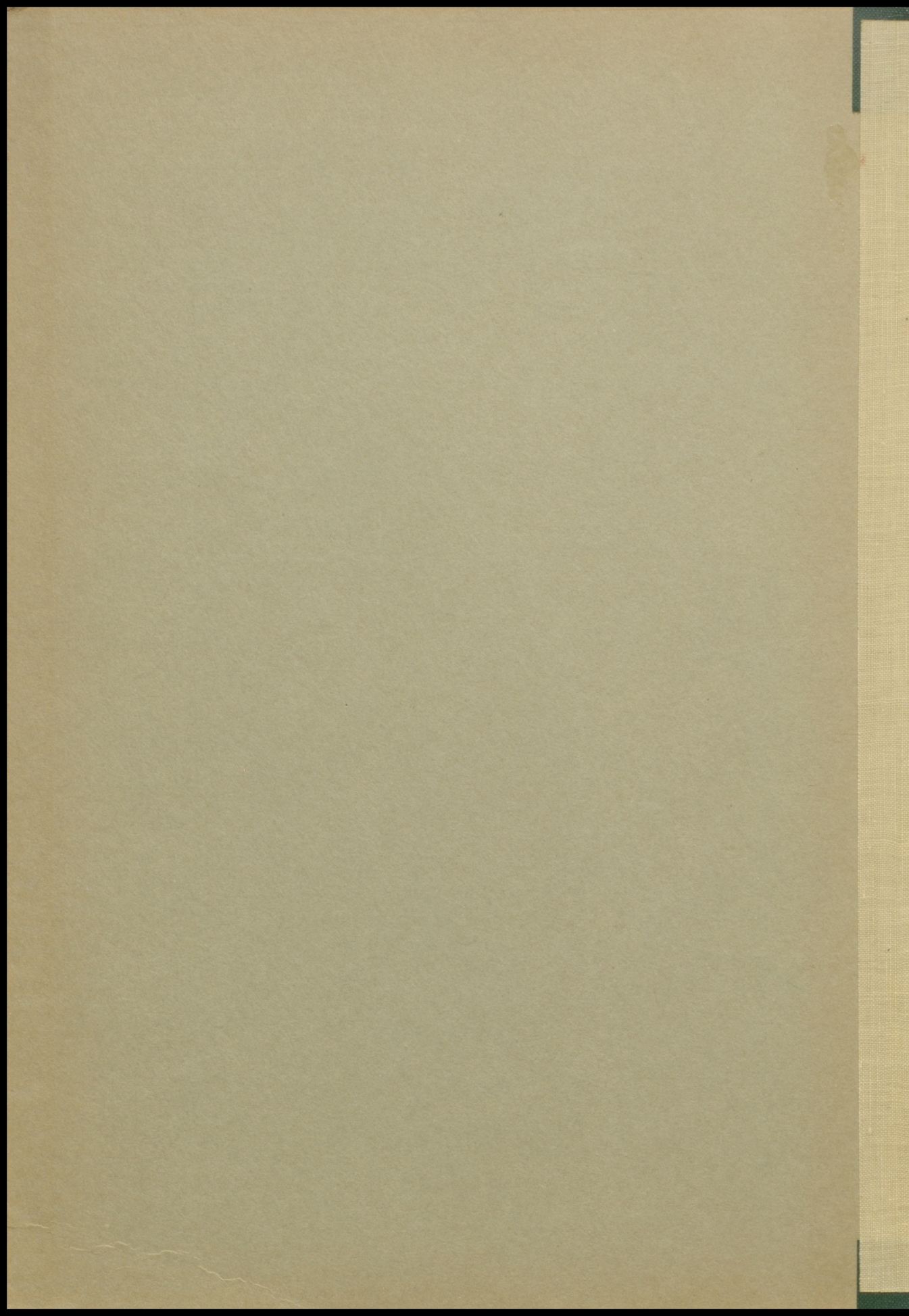


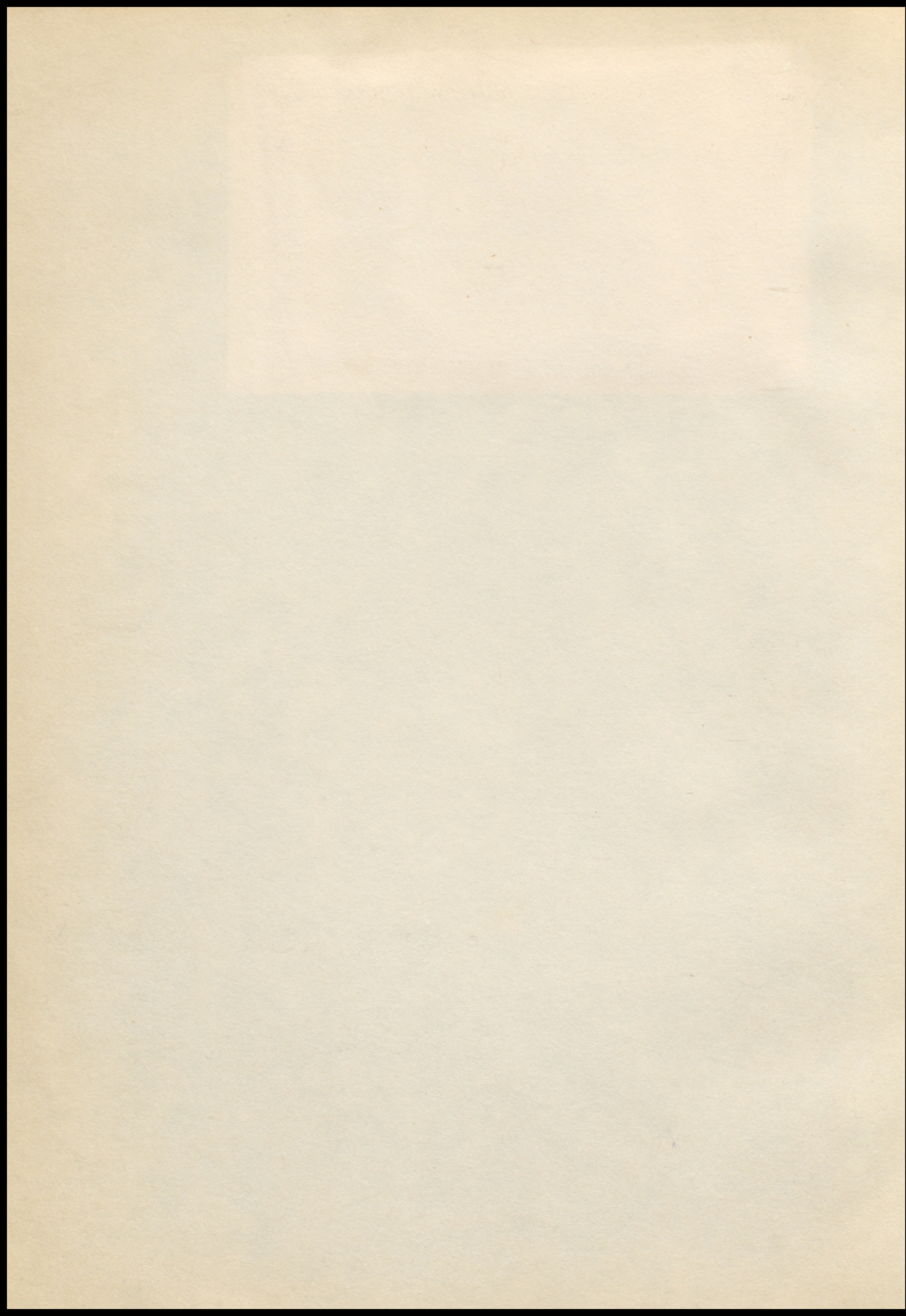
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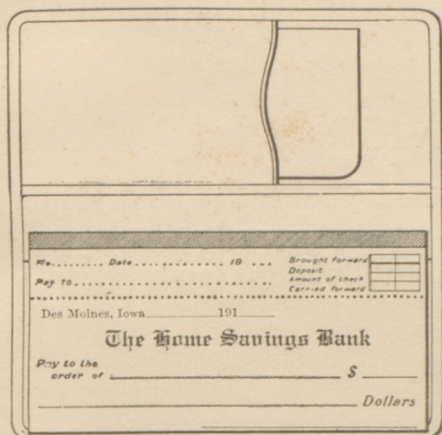
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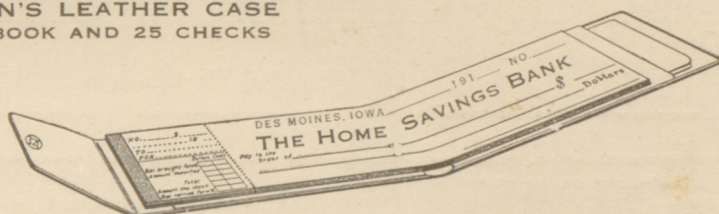


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FOR ANNOUNCEMENTS, ADDRESS

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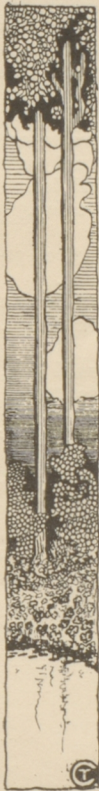
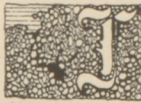
THE QUILL

Vol. VIII

DES MOINES, IOWA, MARCH, 1911

No. 6

The Daffodils



wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine,
And twinkle on the milky way
They stretched in never ending line
Along the margin of a bay;
Ten thousand saw I at a glance
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:—
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company!
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

W. Wordsworth.



Bill's Philosophy

Elbert Geissinger, '11.

Our crowd had gathered 'round the stove,
One day at Perkin's store
And talked till we'd told all we knew
And then we'd talked some more.

We'd argued weather, wind and crops,
And Widder Tompkin's gout
And war and politics and such
Till we was clear talked out.

Old Bill, the genus, he was there,
But hadn't said a word;
Just set there silent, like an owl,
As if he hadn't heard.

Just set there sort of thinkin' deep
And whittled on his stick;
You see, the weather or the crops
Don't worry Bill a lick.

His gen'us runs to bigger things
Than politics or war;
And when it comes to common sense,
There ain't no man knows more.

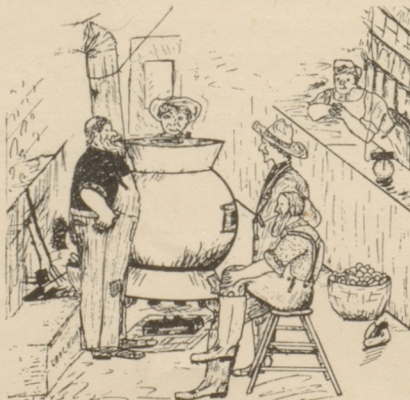
Well, finally Bill put up his knife
And sighed and shook his head
And looked at us regretful like,
Then here is what he said:

"You fellers think you're mighty sharp
And 'course you're not to blame;
For every human bein' is,
In that respect, the same.

"We're all a crowd of ee-go-tists,
Us mortals here below.
We're all puffed up with van-i-tee,
About how much we know.

"And every one of us'll say,
'That don't apply to me,
I really do know quite a bit,
Just ask me, now, and see."

"But here you've set two hours an' more
Around a stove red hot,
A-talkin' tariff, talkin' crops,
And Davy Jones knows what.



"And there ain't a one of you could tell,
To save his precious soul
What heats the stove you're sittin' round;
You'd say it was the coal.

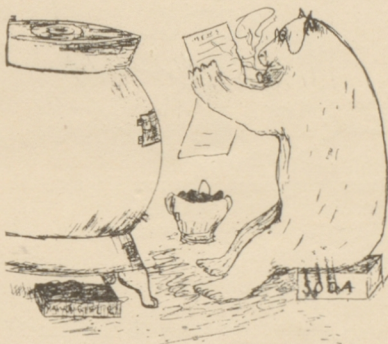
"Or why you're sittin' here at all;
You'll say, as like as not,
'The reason I'm a sittin' here,
Is 'cause the stove is hot.'

"Still man knows more than all the beasts,
And man'll tell you so
B'cause he can't begin to guess,
How much there is to know.

"You take, fer instance, now, a bear;
We say he's awful dense,
But when you git him figgered out,
He's got a heap of sense.

"You won't see him a-sittin' 'round,
A-toastin' by a fire,
An' wonderin' if the president
Is really worth his hire.

"Meanwhile a-wastin' groceries
And burnin' up his fuel.
No, sir! you never saw a bear
That was that big a fool.



"Why, when it goes to gittin' cold,
He simply finds a hole
And crawls inside and goes to sleep,
And saves his grub and coal.

"Then, when it's nice and warm ag'in,
Out comes old Mr. Bear,
A-lookin' for a good square meal
And sniffin' of the air.

"He doesn't have to hire a quack
To test his appetite,
Or feel his pulse and thump his lungs
To see if they're all right.

"He doesn't have to groan or swear
Because spring suits is dear,
An' wonder if he'll have to wear
The same he wore last year.

"You won't see him twist up his face
And grit his teeth and say,

'The cost of livin' is so high
That livin' doesn't pay.'

"Oh yes, we've got our hypnotists,
And claryvoyants, too,
That does a heap of braggin' 'roun'
About what they kin do.

"They trick some fellow off to sleep
And make him sleep for hours,
Then next you hear of that poor cuss
Is music slow and flowers.

"They can't begin to imitate
Old Mother Nature's way
Of keepin' bears in winter time,
I don't care what you say.

"But 'tain't alone in winter time
That we're an ignorant lot.
We'll be the same way next July,
When everything is hot.

"We'll all be well nigh tuckered out,
We'll have to hunt the shade,
And cool ourselves by swiggin' down
Ice tea and lemonade.

"But how about a sand-hill crane?
You watch him once and see.
He'll fly away up in the air,
Where it's cool as it can be,

"And then, without a bit more fuss,
He'll go to soarin' 'round,
And make a lot of fun of us
Down here upon the ground.

"And still us fools are apt to say,
'That bird hain't got much sense,
Because he couldn't build a barn,
Or stake-an'-rider fence.'"

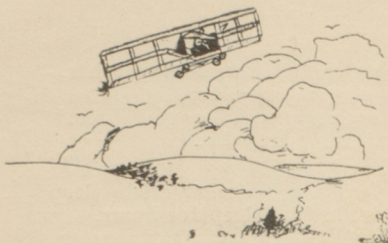
Right there we tried to stop old Bill,
But it didn't do no more good
Than tryin' to put out a fire
By heapin' on more wood.

"Don't talk to me," says Bill, real mad,
'About them a-ro-planes;
They fly just like a keg of nails,
Long side of sand-hill cranes.

"The pesky things, most every day,
Are causin' fifty wrecks.
They're just about enough success
To break inventors' necks.

"They take a feller up all right,
And he comes down ag'in,
But on the downward trip he learns
That air is awful thin.

"And then there is a funeral,
And lots of folks turn out
To pay their last respects to him
They've read so much about.



“There’s bein’ lots of records broke,
Accordin’ to the talk;
But still the flyin’ industree
Has hardly learned to walk.

“Why, holy mackerel! don’t you see?
If we was really wise,
We’d simply shut off gravitee,
And soar into the skies.



“Then any ordinary chap
Could sail up to the stars.
’Twouldn’t be no trick at all
To jump from here to Mars.

“And all a man would have to do
Would be to flop his arm,
And quicker than a hummin’-bird
He’d fly across his farm.

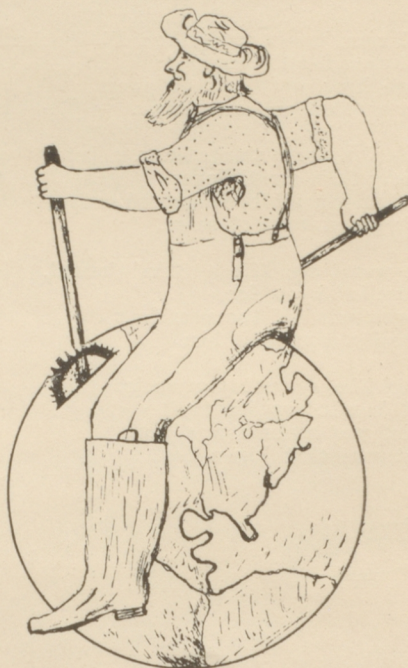
“’Twould be a mighty easy job
To harvest orchard fruit,
’Cause ladders would be useless then,
And in the way to boot.

“And when you’d worked the whole day long
And couldn’t do no more,
Because you was so tuckered out
And felt so stiff an’ sore,

“Just think how handy it would be
To say your little prayer,
And lay down for a quiet snooze,
Suspended in the air.

“I’ll tell you, we’ve got lots to learn
Before we’ll know it all,
Because the stock of learnin’ lacks
A lot of bein’ small.

“Fer instance, this fool world of ours
Is spinnin’ like a top,
And we don’t even know enough
To make the blame thing stop.



“It’s been a spinnin’ ’round its ax,
And sailin’ ’round the sun,
Since Adam’s watch-dog was a pup,
And time was first begun.

“If we knowed even half as much
As what we think we do,
We’d stop the whole thing in her track,
And stop the spinnin’, too.

“We’d put the brakes on hard and tight,
Along some time next May
When birds was singin’, signs all right,
And weather just O. K.

“We’d stop her with the U. S. A.
Right opposite the sun,
And that would shut the winter off,
And night and day’d be one.

“’Twould be a mighty handy place
For us to live in then.
We’d do our work the whole year round
With double shifts of men.

“For then, you see, the sun would shine
The whole time right straight through,
And leave the burglars and the crooks
Without a thing to do.

“And corn would grow just twice as fast
As it had done before,
And we’d be out a-plantin’ corn,
Instead of in this store.

"And 'twouldn't be a bit too hot,
Nor yet a bit too cold;
A man could live a hundred years
And never would grow old.

"Of course them foreign kings and dukes
Would rave and snarl and pout,
But we'd keep them shut in the dark
Till they was plum starved out.

"And then their mighty majesties
Would have to come across
And rent a place from us to live,
And we would be their boss.

"It'd be a big test on the soil,
Them aliens comin' in;
And may be, in a thousand years,
It would get purty thin.

"And that, you'll say, would end the world
And make the scheme a botch;
But we'd just raise the brakes a bit
And let her slip a notch.

"Then, with the gravity shut off,
We'd walk across the sea,
And start our farmin' up ag'in
Where Europe used to be.

"It ain't that I'm a-findin' fault
With things as they are now;
I wouldn't want them changed a bit,
Even if we did know how.



"But what I've tried to say is this,
And you'll admit it's true:—
Most of us think we know *lots* more
Than what we really do.

"So, when we git so awful smart
That we know we're just it,
It's mighty healthy exercise
To stop and think a bit."

And so Bill finished with a sigh,
The same as he'd begun,
And went to whittlin' on his stick,
The way he's always done.

Symposium on Spring

The following are some of the wordy effusions which the balmy zephyrs of spring inspired in the dignified members of our senior class. Their English work afforded a splendid opportunity for the escape of their bubbling enthusiasm in the following elaborate productions, which we take the liberty of quoting:

Signs of Spring

MABEL SPRINGER.

Spring has come! The chirping of the robin, the buzzing of the flies, the sight of jumping-ropes, of baseballs, of marbles, and the display of burned lawns, all prove to us that the season is on. Also blue, pink, white and lavender dresses are out, topped by a wonderful creation of ribbons, feathers, and flowers that would put to shame Paul de Longpre's famous garden of flowers. Oh, yes, there is another sure sign, that tired,

sleepy, all in feeling, that makes us all wish we could go to bed, or to the woods. What's the difference whether we work, or study, or even eat? Spring is here, and that's enough. But we must work, plough, plant, dig, study, and even eat, for after all, is spring so very different from any other season?

That Dread Disease

MURRELL ALLISON.

The poets talk of the birds singing in the trees and the daisies peeping out of their wintry beds and the barefoot boy with cheek of tan, as sure signs of spring, but in my opinion the surest sign and the one that exhibits itself the earliest, is that peculiar disease known as spring fever.

It is very noticeable that even before those aforesaid signs, concerning which the poets speak, are in evidence the gen-

tlemen of the high school (this disease is especially noticeable among gentlemen) assume a certain listless aspect. But, sad to say, it not only affects the personal appearance, but also causes the ambition and the energy of the subject to deteriorate.

It is also noticeable that teachers are never subject to this disease, but they continue their manufacture of zeroes with unabated fury. Now, why is it that these otherwise just and gentle teachers do not govern their actions by the ability of the suffering, but uncomplaining victims, or why do they not take compassion on the unfortunate sufferers and allow them to be, in some measure, free from excruciating labors, until they have partly recovered their normal state? But, alas, such is not the way of the world.

Inspiration

ISAPHENE HAAS.

Ask a pupil what first comes to his mind when the word "spring" is mentioned and of course he will say "spring vacation." But there are other things almost as glorious connected with spring. If we were only more observing we might see them. Perhaps we can not all hope to be Shakespeares and Schuberts, but one cannot get an inspiration from nature and from human beings if he does not observe them carefully. Can you not imagine Shakespeare sitting on the ground in his garden, carefully noting each tiny flower and all its parts; or the wonderful musician Schubert, lying under a tree, looking up and around him and getting inspiration for that splendid "Spring Song" which has made him famous?

Start from home a little earlier some morning and walk around the capitol grounds on your way to school. It is

just a little farther and the best sight seeing spot in Des Moines. Would you trade it for any other place in the city? Yet, very few appreciate the beauty of nature's work and that of human hands that one sees from this place. Try to be more observing if you wish to get more enjoyment out of life. Watch the little things, for after all it takes little things to make large ones, and perhaps in this way *you* will get an inspiration for something great.

Signs of Spring

MARION HOSSFELD.

The very first sign of spring, the loveliest season of the year, may be seen sometimes as early as the middle of February. Often it is black, blue, tan or cream colored, or even a mixture of any of the hues within or without the rainbow. Generally it is of a small variety so early in the year, as the cold is blighting. By the first or middle of March the signs are very apparent and may be observed quite generally in churches and matinees. By this time the proportions are sometimes enormous and of any and all shapes imaginable. Easter Sunday these signs are very much in evidence, so much so that even the young men in their new suits are ignored by the charming young ladies, who are very busy discussing the afore mentioned remarkable forerunners of the season.

These beautiful, sometimes marvelous and fearful, signs are often cause for great worry with many people. Every girl and young lady wishes one for herself and the more beautiful and striking it is, the harder it is to obtain. Father grumbles. But mother thinks that her girl must not be outdone by others. She, too, must be able to display one of these beautiful signs of spring—a new spring hat.

BROKEN CLOUDS.

Their tattered, pearly fragments make
The sky a thing to love.

—Margaret Rogers Murray.

A RUSTLING WIND.

All around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Spring

ROY BOCK, '11.

At last, sweet Spring is here,
And buds come out once more;
The flowers bring good cheer,
And showers downward pour.

The ice and snow have gone;
And in their place is seen
Green grass on every lawn,
And leaves with verdant green.

The birds return again
To sing their sweetest strain;
They touch the heart of man
With joyous glad refrain.

The world takes on new life,
When loosed of winter's chain;
And joyousness is rife,
When Spring returns again.

Billy's Father

EDWARD EVERETT, '11.

Billy, on the whole, was a pretty good boy, but he had one great fault. He was inclined to be "sporty." Nothing delighted him more than to go strutting down the boulevard garbed in a suit of the most extreme style and color, his turned up trousers displaying a pair of brilliantly colored socks, matching a necktie which in the mildest terms would be called loud, with a natty cap set on the back of his head and a cigarette dangling from between his lips. It must be understood that Billy wasn't a bad chap, only a little bit reckless. But some one talked and then some one else talked, and by this process it soon reached his father's ears that Billy was considered "quite a good thing."

Now Billy's father knew Billy as no one else did. So instead of dragging the boy into his room and arguing with tears in his voice, long and earnestly, or yet, turning the erring youngster over his knee and administering the parental privilege, he merely kept his own counsel and this is what he did.

At four o'clock he dismissed the stenographer, and to her great astonishment told her that she might have the rest of the day to herself. She added another stick of "Sweet Sixteen" to the large piece which she already had in her mouth, daubed hastily at her face with a rather pink chamois, donned her peach-basket hat, and, casting a bewildered and dubious look at Billy's father, fled from the office as fast as permitted by her hobble skirt, so that she might not be late for the last afternoon per-

formance of the moving picture show.

Left alone, Billy's father called up the clothier and for fifteen minutes talked to the clerk, who stood gasping for breath at the other end of the line and thought that Billy's father had certainly been bereft of his senses. But Billy's father remained firm and steadfast, and in due time a package was delivered at the office. After changing clothes he locked the door, descended in the elevator operated by a seemingly hysterical elevator boy, called a cab and stopped only once on his way home—then to purchase something at a cigar store.

It so happened that Billy was at home when his father opened the door and swaggered into the dining room. He knocked loudly upon the table with two fingers in a manner most unusual for the quiet father.

"Why the deuce ain't dinner ready?" he called loudly to the thunder stricken, paralyzed Billy and the astonished cook.

No wonder they stood aghast. There his father stood, clad from top to toe in the most outlandish dress Billy had ever seen. He afterward remarked that his father looked like the bunco man one sees in town on circus days. A green cap was set jauntily on the side of his head; a purple tie offset a high stiff collar; a green and yellow striped vest adorned his aldermanic front; in the button hole of the brown plaid suit was a yellow chrysanthemum. His coat reached almost to his knees, while his trousers ended somewhere between his knees and ankles; a pair of socks much in evidence

matched his tie, and the low green Ox-fords which he wore were fastened with red cut-glass buttons, three in number. But the thing most conspicuous of all was the cigarette which drooped from the corner of his mouth and wiggled when he talked.

He sat down, drew up his trousers legs so as not to spoil the creases, slid far down in the chair, and found fault with everything, copiously padding his speech with slang.

All during dinner Billy's eyes never left his father's face. After the meal was over, father announced his intention of going to Coney Island, much to the consternation of Billy, who never found out that his father was let in at the back door by his mother five minutes after the front door had closed behind him.

The next morning when Billy awoke he didn't feel greatly refreshed. Somehow he hadn't slept well the night before. This kept up for three days. Every night the visionary army of bunco men increased. On the fourth morning when his father descended to breakfast wearing the before-mentioned outfit, Billy quickly excused himself from the table. Fifteen minutes later he met his father alone.

"Say, da-father, won't you write me a check for—er—say fifty dollars?"

Billy's father's heart fell. He had built high hopes on his scheme, and now it seemed to have failed.

"You see, father," he stammered, "I want to get some new clothes. Well—er—I don't just like the ones I've got."

Billy got the check.

Gwendolyn Green's Experiences on April Fool's Day



ELL, I did think last night that I'd be careful not to get fooled today. But here it's night, and I've been fooled—I don't know how many times. Let's see. When I first got up, that little brother of mine—little scamp—screamed, loud enough to scare anybody, "Oh, sis, look out! There's a mouse!" Of course I jumped. I climbed

on a chair, and then he said, "April fool!" Maybe you think I didn't feel cheap! I declared I'd not be fooled again, but then—

I got ready for school too early. I was waiting and my older brother said wouldn't I please go to the drug store for some H₂O. And I went. I brought it home, and he said I might taste it. So I did—it wasn't anything but water.

And then when I got to school, one of the girls asked me if I had done my outside reading. I didn't know anything about it. She said we had to read ten pages in the "History of Eve's Grandmother." I went to the office and looked all over for that book. Finally I asked one of the teachers if we had it, and she

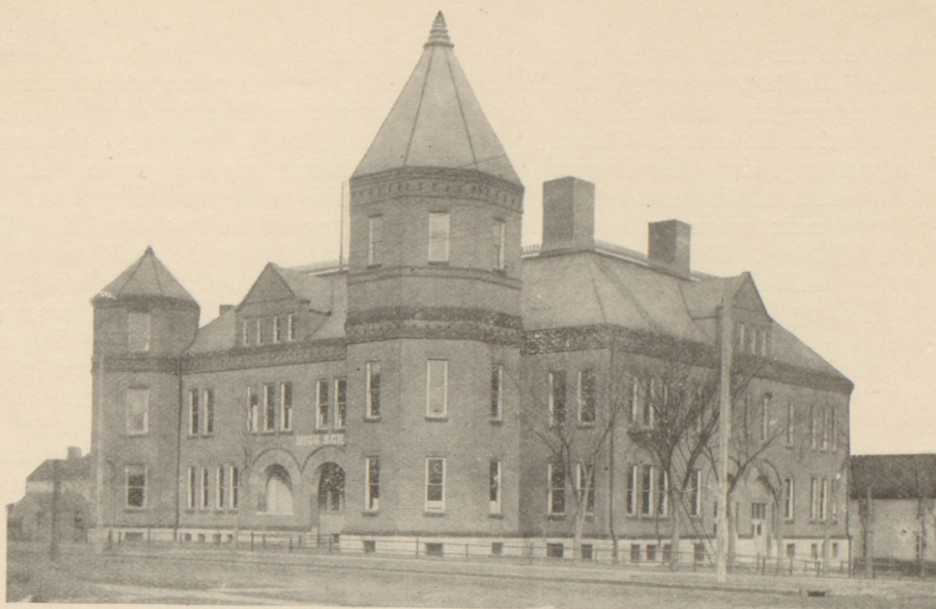
laughed. Then I saw the joke—there wasn't any such book.

At intermission some of the boys told some of us girls that at two-thirty the Soldiers' and Sailors' monument was expected to descend from its pedestal and we should all go in time to get a good place, so we planned to be there at a quarter past two. There were several girls there and we were quite excited. Two-thirty came—but nothing happened. We waited quite a while, because we didn't want to miss such an important event. After about fifteen minutes here came those horrid boys, and shouted, "April fool!" We felt foolish.

After I'd been home awhile, the girl that lives next door came over and wanted to know if I wouldn't please take a note to another of our neighbor's, and bring back what the note asked for. Of course I went. When I got there, the note was read, and I was told I'd have to go half way down the next block for what I wanted. They didn't seem to have it either, and sent me further. I went to several places, when finally one girl showed me the note I'd been carrying. This is what I read:

"This is April Fool's Day,
Send the 'Fool' along."

Well, I got home about as fast as I could, and was mighty glad April fool's day was over.



THE QUILL

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FACULTY CENSOR.....	ESTELLE PATTERSON	

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Contributions from the Friends and Students of the School are Always Welcome.

A Tribute

The fact that Ray Spangler has left school deprived the staff of one of its most valuable assets. Mr. Spangler's treatment of the School Diary and What's Doing in the last five numbers is probably without a parallel in the history of the Quill. His unusual originality and attractive style have given life to the paper and have won for him praise on every side. It is seldom that one finds a person who is able to present facts with such a degree of interest as he has done. We sincerely hope—and believe—that he will achieve as great suc-

cess in whatever he undertakes as he has achieved in his work here with us.

President Nollen of Lake Forest University Visits East High

Prof. Nollen, whom we are glad to count a friend of East High, visited us on Tuesday, March 14, and delivered a very interesting and instructive address. He illustrated his subject, "The Loyalty of Obedience, Loyalty of Devotion, and Loyalty of Sacrifice," by three legends. In illustrating the loyalty of obedience he told a story of a young knight who belonged to the order of the Templars

and who, contrary to the command of his Grand Master, prepared to kill a troublesome dragon that infested the country around the court. Others had tried to put an end to the dragon, but had failed and at the same time had run a great risk, whence the order to cease their efforts. This young knight thought he would do the country a great good by killing the dragon and so he prepared himself with the utmost care and set out to do so. He found the beast and after a fierce combat he killed it and returned to the city and to the court. The people praised him and cheered him because he had freed them from the pest. They proceeded to the house of the master, where they awaited his praise of the young knight. In place of praise the master severely criticised him and deprived him of his rights to membership in the order. He sternly reprimanded him for breaking a command and a vow of obedience. After the young knight's pride was humbled, and he turned to leave, the master, seeing that he was ready to serve rightly, restored him to his rank. Thus he showed that obedience is one of the essentials of discipline.

Loyalty in the form of devotion was illustrated by a story about a pilgrimage to the holy land made by some Scotchmen. The leader of the band was that great hero, Douglas. He was taken ill, however, and abandoned all hope of his recovery and being able to reach the holy land to fight the Saracens. He therefore requested that his armour bearer should after his death take his heart to the holy land and there leave it. This devoted servant of Douglas took the heart of his lord and put it in a golden casket. When they reached the holy land the Christians entered into a fierce combat with the pagans and the battle seemed strong in the Saracens' favor. Suddenly this devoted servant of Douglas threw the casket and heart into the very midst of the enemy. The young Christians saw the casket flash through the air, and, thrilled through and through, they made a charge such as was never made before, and the battle was won by the Christians, through the devotion of the Scotchmen to their dead.

To illustrate the loyalty of sacrifice, he told a story about an unknown knight who fought so bravely on the field of battle that the king singled him out as one deserving special praise. At the close of the battle the king found this knight lying mortally wounded. When the king asked what he could do for him since he had fought so valiantly, the knight replied that his shield bore no device and that he wished one. The king dipped his finger in the blood of the knight and made a broad cross on the shield. The knight died and a Spanish house still bears the sign of the shield with the red cross which the knight had gained by giving his life for his king.

From these stories Mr. Nollen drew the thought that loyalty to one's school may demand of us either obedience, devotion or sacrifice.—N. G.

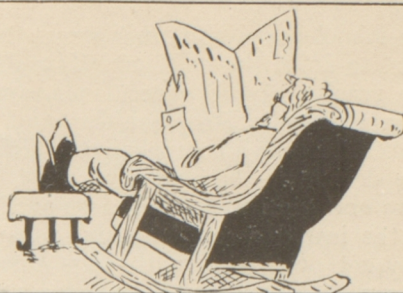
The Next Quill

In the next edition of the Quill athletics will be featured. There will in all probability be pictures of the track team and individual snapshots. Good athletic stories especially will be in demand. There is probably nothing which interests and appeals to a typical American high school boy or girl more than a good, rousing story of athletics, and so here is a good chance for some one in East High to add to his fame.

Notice---A Contest

If you read carefully the advertisements in this issue you will find in one of them a misspelled word. Write the word as it is found in the Quill upon a slip of paper, together with its correct spelling, the name of the advertiser, and your own name, and drop it in the Quill box. All correct answers will be placed in a box, which will be opened in the presence of the school on Friday, one week from the day of publication of this number. The slips will be shaken up and Miss Goodrell will be allowed to draw one. The lucky person will be presented with a large and beautiful East High pennant, similar to the one given to the author of the best school song. Members of the faculty and the staff are excluded from the contest.

WHAT'S DOING



R.W.L.

MISS GOODRELL'S SOUTHERN TRIP.

It had long been the wish of Miss Goodrell to take a trip through the southern states. The national convention of educators at Mobile, Alabama, afforded just such an opportunity as she desired. So, leaving the school to take care of itself (which, according to her own statement upon her return, it did very well), she left for a two weeks' trip through the land of cotton. Fortunately the convention occurred at the same time that the famous Mardi Gras carnival of New Orleans was held, and so Miss Goodrell availed herself of the opportunity to see that annual gorgeous and spectacular display. Incidentally, she paid a visit to the renowned negro industrial school at Tuskegee and met Booker T. Washington, the founder and president of that mighty institution. The immensity of the undertaking, the discipline and the variety and quality of the work done there must have impressed her deeply, for she returned full of respect and admiration for Mr. Washington and his life work. She also visited the primitive Mobile High School. This school was built over sixty years ago and is still used exclusively for educational purposes. Miss Goodrell arrived in St. Louis in time to accompany the rest of the faculty upon its tour of investigation and returned with them to Des Moines.

* * *

THE TEACHERS VISIT SCHOOLS IN ST. LOUIS.

East High probably never saw a happier crowd of youngsters than on the day Miss Goodrell announced that we were to have a two days vacation in order that the teachers might visit the schools

in St. Louis. The Soldan High School of St. Louis is said to be the finest in the United States. It has absolutely everything in the line of educational equipment, is finished throughout in marble and fine woods, and has all the latest conveniences for the comfort of the student. To hear the glowing accounts of our enthused pedagogues one would soon be led to think it was a students' paradise. Such vivid descriptions did not discourage us, however, but only made us look forward with the more exultation to the magnificent new building now in the course of construction on State Square, which, we confidently know, will be second to none in the United States. The Soldan High School is of brick with stone trimmings; our new East High will be entirely of white stone—not a brick will be visible. It is also a consolation to know that, in spite of their splendid equipment and environment, the students of the Soldan High School do no better work than those of East High. It is true that the range of work obtainable there is immense, but there exists nothing like the good fellowship and the freedom which we enjoy here at East High. All the teachers who made the trip declared that, if everything be taken into consideration, our school, in spite of our old building, is undoubtedly as good as theirs.

* * *

THE BANQUET TO THE PRINCIPALS' CLUB.

East High never had a better opportunity to show her mettle and never took better advantage of such an opportunity than upon the night of March 21, when the girls of the domestic science department gave a banquet to the school principals of the city and to the members of

the school board and their wives. From start to finish the brilliant affair showed the results of the careful planning of Miss Goodrell, Miss Schiffer and Miss Hobbs. It was a case where the training, the decorum, the spirit of East High boys and girls was put to test and stood to the last degree. The idea of such a banquet originated with Miss Goodrell, who wished to show the principals of the city what could be done by girls in a high school domestic science department. She took advantage of the occasion to display also the orchestra, glee clubs, art and industrial work. The banquet was prepared and served entirely by the domestic science girls, Miss Schiffer acting simply as supervisor. The color scheme of yellow and white, the individual nut cups or bowls in the form of tulip blossoms, and many other items which contributed so much to the success of the affair were planned and executed by Miss Hobbs and the art department.

During the course of the banquet the orchestra and glee clubs rendered several selections. Miss Ruth Russell also sang a group of songs, which, together with a reading by Mrs. Hopkins, entertained the guests throughout the banquet.

The whole affair reflected great credit upon East High and it would be difficult to give any one of those who helped to make it such a success undue credit.

THE MENU.

Grape Fruit Cocktail	
Consomme	Crackers
Fish Timbales	
Mashed Potatoes	Chicago Hot
Rolls	
Maryland Fried Chicken	
Rice Croquettes	Rolls String Beans
Grape Juice	
Lettuce Salad	Cheese Balls
Dressing	
Brown Bread Sandwiches	
Frozen Plum Pudding	
Cake	
Black Coffee	Glaze Nuts
Salted Almonds	

The play which is soon to be presented by the High School is a dramatization of Mary Roberts Rhinehart's "When a

Man Marries." The play, "Seven Days," which was given at Foster's some time last winter, is the original dramatic version made by the author. The High School version has been changed somewhat in both theme and treatment to suit the different requirements of a high school play. Miss Goodrell saw the original play when it was first staged and was so much attracted by it that she desired an acting version prepared for East High.

The plot has several complications and misunderstandings which have to be unraveled. The characters are modern society people of New York, who do not know how to do the everyday things of life. When they find themselves without servants and in a situation from which they cannot escape, their attempts at housekeeping, mending, cooking, and even at lighting a stove, give to the play several amusing situations. Added interest comes from the fact that one of the women believes herself possessed of hypnotic power. She is able to move screens and tables without touching them, in a manner which to her seems most wonderful.

The cast follows:

Tom Harbison	Ed Byers
James Wilson	Oliver Elliott
Kit McNair	Fern Springer
Aunt Selina	Bessie Deal
Dallas Brown	Mark Robinson
Mrs. D. Brown	Ruth Russell
Mrs. Wilson	Mabel Anderson
Lawrence McQuork	Carl Burkman
Flannagan	Harold Newman
Guard	Albert Buchanan
Maid	Ruth Johnson

* * *

A VISIT FROM MR. J. BROPHY.

If matrimony and a rural atmosphere have as good an effect upon the average man as they had upon Mr. J. Brophy (notice that "Mister?" Don't forget that), then a lot of fellows would do well to follow his example. Mr. Brophy, after careful consideration, decided that the metropolis of Williamsburg, Iowa, of which he was a worthy citizen, did not afford a large enough field for his extensive abilities, so he, together with his

family, came to Des Moines, where he would have more room to expand. Naturally, the first thing upon his arrival here was a visit to East High, and he must have been much gratified by the universal, instantaneous and very rapid migration toward his vicinity the minute he opened the door some three weeks ago. But, seriously, when John came back from the country he was as fat as a porker and as merry as a bird. He has not yet decided to which vocation to give the benefit of his talents, but has quietly taken to keeping house with his wife.

* * *

THE SCHOOL IS ENTERTAINED BY THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

It has always been the custom in East High for the Boys' Debating Society to give at least one of its programs each year before the school. This year was no exception, so on Friday, March 10, the members of the society took their seats upon the platform and the program was given in the usual manner. The speeches or talks on the various subjects, although necessarily brief, showed careful preparation and were well received. Since the debate was to be a decisive one, the participants had worked hard and long, and the result was a most interesting and hotly contested affair. The debaters showed marked oratorical ability and the regret was several times expressed that East High did not have a debating team to contest with another school as in previous years. On the whole, the program was the best for several years, proving very entertaining.

The program follows:

Current Events Ed Everett
Vocal solo Rodney Hudson
Review of the Work of the Iowa

Legislature Albert Buchanan
Marine Aviation Murrell Allison

Debate: "Resolved, That Des Moines should own and operate its street railway system."

Affirmative—

Clarence Vetter
Carroll Bennett.

Negative—

Mark Robinson.
Mose Baker.

Judges: Miss St. John, Miss McBride, and Mr. Brown.

Decision: Affirmative 2, negative 1.

Not only the students themselves, but also outsiders realize the superior ability of the members of East High's faculty. In the past month Mr. Mitchell has twice officiated at other schools. At the oratorical contest of the Valley Junction High School he acted as a judge, while the debate between North High and Iowa City was presided over by him. Mr. Brown is also widely known as a debater. He was on the first team to represent East High in debate and was also prominent in that line at Grinnell. He acted as one of the judges in the Ames-Boone debate which was held March 24, at Boone.

* * *

The board of education of Des Moines had printed for distribution among the students and friends of East High School one thousand copies of a little souvenir booklet containing information regarding the laying of the cornerstone of the new high school upon State Square. The booklet contains the names of the members of the board of education, of the building committee and of the East High faculty, a history of the new building, written by Robert J. Bannister, one of East High's staunchest friends; the address of Superintendent Wm. O. Riddell at the laying of the cornerstone; a list of the articles placed within the strong box of the cornerstone; and pictures of the old and new high schools and of the president of the board, Mr. J. A. McKinney, Miss Goodrell and Mr. Riddell. Copies of the booklet may be obtained by calling at the office of Miss Goodrell, principal of East High School.

—daffodils

That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
Yet sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes.

—Shakespeare.

Alumni

That East High is never forgotten by its alumni is evidenced by the following communication which was recently received by Miss Goodrell from Ralph Lyman, a graduate of our school, who is at present studying music in Berlin:

"Dear Miss Goodrell:

"I often think of the days at East High and still rejoice over its victories, although I think I rejoice more now over other than athletic victories. The laying of the cornerstone of the new High School must have marked an epoch in your life. How you must have worked for it! And I give you great credit for getting it. May you have many happy years in it. Success to East High and best wishes to all my friends there.

RALPH LYMAN."

Paul Bemis, one of the most loyal of our graduates, and until recently a student at Ames, was compelled on account of ill health to leave school. He is at present in Arizona, where he hopes he may be able to regain his health. He suffered some time ago an attack of pneumonia, but not until recently was it

found necessary for him to change his home to a milder climate. He has the sincere wishes of his many East High friends for his speedy recovery.

Vincent Starzinger, the first editor of the Quill, is studying law at Harvard. He emphatically asserts that the quantity and quality of work required there would make that in East High fade way into insignificance. So you fellows in East High who have aspirations along that line had better take notice.

Saturday evening, March 15, Ralph Stiles and Irene Spry, both prominent alumni of East High, were quietly married at the latter's home.

Hans Pfund and Carl Compton have both "made good" in athletics at the colleges they are attending. Both are but second year men, yet Hans plays on the Ames basketball five and Carl on the one at Grinnell.

Willard Ungles, our famous little yell master, is working his way through the medical school at Drake. He will no doubt prove as successful in administering pills as in arousing vocal volume.

Debating

The members of the Boys' Debating Society who were on the program the night of February 24 fairly outdid themselves in the completeness with which they dealt with their subjects. In fact, some of the reports were so lengthy and exhaustive that they received more or less censure at the hands of Mr. Brown, the society critic. The fellows who were on the program are to be congratulated for their enterprise.

The program:

Current EventsL. Jacobson
The Importation of "Rats" from
ChinaA. Buchanan
AnnapolisC. Vetter
Celebrities—Bismark.....F. McNulty

Pearl FishingD. Winterrowd
San Francisco, Portland and Seattle
.....M. Robinson
Debate: Resolved, That the Des
Moines River should be made navigable.

Affirmative:	Negative:
M. Morrison.	M. Swartz.
N. Garrett.	J. Cavanugh.

Decision of judges: Three for the affirmative.

In the business meeting the following officers were chosen:

PresidentO. Elliott
Vice PresidentC. Vetter
SecretaryM. Robinson
Sergeant-at-armsH. Newman

THE BANQUET.

Although the members of Newman's team were twice defeated in the contest as to which team should pay for the spread to be given to the winner of two out of three debates, they nevertheless showed their good sportsmanship, and, we might also add, efficiency in cooking, by preparing a feast which, if the elaborate color scheme be taken into consideration, far surpassed their previous efforts. The old adage which says that "experience is the best teacher" was certainly very applicable here.

The banquet was given Thursday, the evening before St. Patrick's day, and consequently the color scheme of green was very appropriate and effective. From the time one took his seat at table till the last toast everything spoke of St. Patrick. Beneath each guest's plate lay a silken shamrock; shamrocks adorned the napkins; the ice cream itself was of the form and color of Ireland's famous symbol. As one delighted reveller very aptly expressed it: "We see, wear, smell and eat green."

THE MENU.

Rice Consomme

Meat Croquettes	Brown Gravy
Irish Potato Salad on Lettuce	
Sliced Dill Pickles	Mexican Chili Sauce
	Baked Beans
Baking Powder Biscuits	Plum Jam
Ice Cream	Angel Food Cake

After the tables had been cleared the toastmaster, Mr. Elliott, announced a program of toasts relative to the Irish and St. Patrick's day. During the course of the evening "Pat" and "Moike" received a thorough overhauling, and became the butt of a number of good natured jokes. An interesting account by Miss Goodrell of the famous Mardi Gras Carnival at New Orleans fittingly ended the evening's entertainment. The toasts:

St. Patrick	Mr. Brown
Irish Potatoes	C. Troeger
Characteristics of the Irish..	A. Buchanan
Robert Emmett	H. Newman
Edmund Burke	M. Morrison
Charles Parnell	M. Allison
An Irishman as a Wit....	J. Cavanaugh
An Irishman's Love for Water....	
.....	M. Swartz
An Irishman as a Statesman..	C. Vetter
An Irishman's Vocation....	F. McNulty

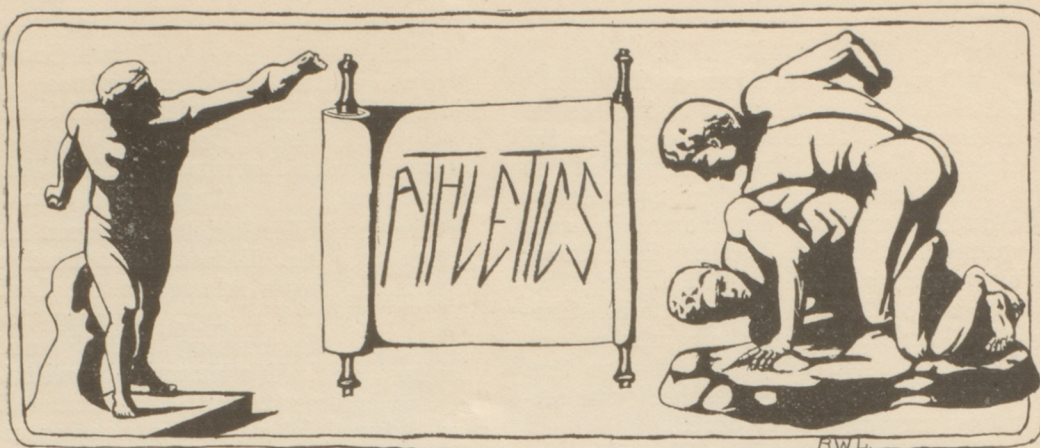
DON'T FAIL TO SEE

"In Quarantine"

At the East High Auditorium To-night and
Monday Night

ADMISSION 25 CENTS

Doors Open at 8:15 P. M.



Track Prospects for 1911

With only three or four point winners from last year's team as a nucleus, Coach Van Liew will endeavor to build up a formidable track team from an abundance of green material this spring.

At a meeting at the school held a week before vacation, Mr. Van Liew talked to the boys about the difficulties which confront East High athletes at present. Chief among these is the lack of a suitable place to train.

Union Park, the fair ground and Governor's Square were all suggested, and by the process of elimination the choice fell on the last named. The park was impracticable on account of there being no dressing room on the grounds; the fair ground was out of the question on account of the great distance—so this season the East High athletes will take their work outs at Fourteenth and Walnut.

A number of fellows began work at once getting the track and straight-away in condition. An effort will be made to get the city to fill in the large depression near the center of the track and the new training grounds will probably be as good as the old one at State Square.

Occasional work outs will be given at the fair grounds and Drake stadium to give the fellows experience on a faster track.

Work commenced with cross country walks, the men being made to cover enough distance to tire them somewhat. The coach said this would continue for a

week or so and the fellows would then be put to active work.

Van Liew said there was a chance for the fellows to take part in five different meets this spring, but declined to say what they might be. The first will be the Drake relay meet, which will consist of a series of relays—half mile, the mile, and the two mile—to be contested by the universities, colleges and high schools of the Missouri valley. This will furnish an opportunity to many of the East High new men, as experienced distance runners are scarce this year.

About twenty-five men have signified their intention to get out and hopes are running rather high.

Basket Ball

Now that the basket ball season is over the Neighborhood House will not be used by the fellows any longer, unless they dress there during track season.

It is to be regretted that nothing was done to determine a championship team. Any definite classification this late in the season would meet a storm of protests. It would seem, however, that the seniors stand at the head of the list, having defeated the teams of all the other classes. The only games this month which seem to indicate this are the following; the others had no particular bearing on the subject of a championship team:

SENIORS VS. JUNIORS.

In this game the seniors had things all their own way, Metcalfe, Burkman and Leibsle scoring with monotonous regularity.

Koons and Burkman at guard held their opposing men helpless; Beeny getting no points at all and C. Miller but one.

Pugh and Cavanaugh did the balance of the scoring for the juniors, getting two each.

The line up:

Seniors.	Juniors.
LeiblsleF.	G.....R. Mullen
Metcalfe (c)....G.	F.....Pugh
LoperC.	C...Cavanaugh (c)
BurkmanF.	G.....Beeny
KoonsG.	F.....C. Mullen
Score, seniors 24, juniors 5. Umpire, Van Liew. Referee, Jones.	

JUNIORS VS. SOPHOMORES.

The seniors took a firmer hold on the championship when their victims of the previous week defeated the sophomores, in the best and closest game of the month.

Cavanaugh and Cohen starred for the juniors, while Byers and Miller did the best work on the other side.

The final score was juniors 12, sophomores 6.

The line up:

Juniors.	Sophomores.
BeenyG.	F.....Sandall
C. Mullen.....F.	G.....Byers
Cavanaugh (c)..C.	C.....Yoder
JanesG.	F.....Miller
CohenF.	G.....Davidson
Umpire, Metcalfe. Referee, Jones.	

SENIORS VS. FRESHMEN.

The seniors completed their work of humbling the other class teams by defeating the freshmen by the score of 17 to 6.

Metcalfe was the sensation of the game as far as scoring was concerned, getting a total of thirteen points.

Kellogg played a hard, consistent game for the freshmen.

The line up:

Seniors.	Freshmen.
Metcalfe (c)....F.	G.....Kellogg (c)
LeiblsleG.	F.....Wright
BennettC.	C.....Jarvis
KoontzF.	G.....Haas
McKinneyG.	F.....Green

Score, seniors 17, freshmen 6. Umpire, Van Liew. Referee, Jones.

"IN QUARANTINE"

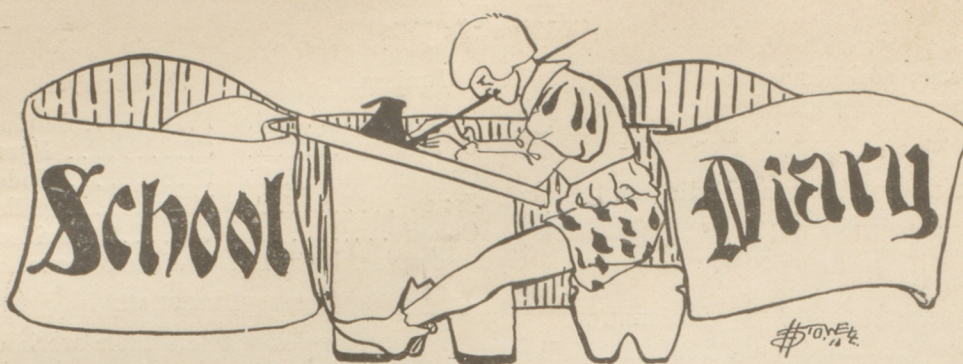
A dramatization of Mary Roberts Rhinehart's famous book,

"When a Man Marries,"

and similar to the author's own dramatization,

"Seven Days,"

which was given at Foster's last winter, will be presented by the students of East High at their auditorium tonight and Monday night. The cast has been working on the play for over a month and a very delightful and instructive evening will be assured. Tell your friends.



March 6—Our pedagogues return bound to make us toe the mark with St. Louis. Mobile H. S.: Soldan H. S.: Alpha: Omega. Roles assigned for senior play.

March 7—The “feather” emerges. “Sleepy” Newman almost wakes up. Grand Imperial Concert Orchestra rehearses in music pavilion, third story.

March 8—Miss G. tells all about Tuskegee. “Who said colu’d gen’l’men didn’ ’mount t’ nothin’?” Intermissions on the absent list. “Dutch” again subsides.

March 9—Big sing of “coon” songs. “Yankee Doodle” makes hit. Monthly ordeal for the laggards.

March 10—Magnificent weather. Several rubber necks developed—fire on the next street. Thirty minute periods. Debating Society takes the platform. Debate witty, interesting, hotly contested. Newman again goes down in defeat. Seriously considers tendering his resignation. Says he, “Ein mahl ist enough, but zwei Mahl ist too Viel.”

March 13—Oh, joy! only two weeks till vacation! Short periods. Speech by President Nollen. Cross country runs begin.

March 14—Typical spring. “Master Cock Robin” entertains A senior history class. Preparations for play take a spurt. Herr Doctor Professor Schneider makes his usual visit.

March 15—March puts May to flight and himself assumes his rightful throne. Fool that I was! Why did I pack away that overcoat? A junior girls get their first taste of electricity—and don’t like it. Who is Margaret? Search me! I’m not from New Orleans.

March 16—“Music hath charms to

soothe the savage breast,” is undoubtedly the motto of the Boys’ Glee Club. Choir practice upstairs—minus the pipe organ. Newman and his constituents very busy in the afternoon.

March 17—Green galore. Mr. Hazard must have given the blarney stone a resounding smack. Mose Swartz found to be an Irishman. A senior class meeting. Mr. Van Liew “rubs it into” the athletes. No afternoon work.

March 20—One week more till vacation. Oh, happy thought! Very warm. Low necks and bare arms much in evidence. Spring fever epidemic rapidly spreads. Pedagogical efforts to the contrary all in vain.

March 21—Snowy-aproned, important looking girls hustling about. Elaborate preparations for banquet to the Principals’ Club. Miss Goodrell advises boys to become brickmasons—in the summer. Four more days!

March 22—Typical April shower in March. School almost collapses under the weight of Miss Goodrell’s compliments. Banquet to Principals’ Club a grand success. Girls did themselves proud. Three days more!!

March 23—Fire drill. “Snick” makes spectacular finish in relay race. Freshmen girls get their first experiences on fire escape. Mr. Haggard didn’t hear bell and almost got roasted. Shooting-the-shoots idea makes hit with school. No music—Miss Wright has spring fever. Two more days!!!

March 24—School assumes aspect of kindergarten. Familiar strains of “Jack and Jill” make passersby stare. “The Bull Dog” proves a failure. Classical music after intermission. Mania for desk scrubbing seizes teachers. One day—me for the country!!!!



Corrine P. (A senior English, translating Chaucer): "Upon his feet and in his hands a staff."

Miss H.: "Well, Corrine, I don't see how it could be both places."

* * *

Mr. P. (geography): "There are no fish in Salt Lake because it is so salty they can not live."

Veda R.: "I should think there would be salt herring there."

* * *

Albert B. (reading Macduff's speech in "Macbeth"): "Cut short all intermissions!" (Any reflections, Macduff?)

* * *

Miss B. (speaking of German textbooks): "Our Bacon——"

* * *

NOT AS OLD AS YOU MIGHT
THINK.

M. B. (A junior physics): "Mr. Peterson, what did the compass of Columbus look like?"

Mr. P.: "Really, Murray, I don't remember."

* * *

FRESHMAN INGENUITY.

Miss C. (to a freshman who had just finished reading a theme in which the characters possessed long and rather unusual names): "Raleigh, where did you get all those names?"

R. F.: "Well, I got one of them off a bean can, an' one out of an old Bohemian newspaper I found layin' round

at home, an' the rest I got somewhere or other, I don't know where."

* * *

RATHER A PAINFUL STUNT.

R. B. (translating Virgil): "She rolled her eyes hither and thither."

* * *

YES, WE THOUGHT IT WOULD.

Mr. B. (A senior history): "He was caught and executed and that put an end to his ambitions."

* * *

EVEN OUR "ACTORS" FURNISH A
SPLASH OR TWO.

Harold N.: "What does the policeman do all this time? Stand around with his finger in his mouth?"

Mrs. Hopkins (absent minded): "Yes, I believe he does."

* * *

Ed B.: "How do I get off the stage?"

Mrs. H.: "In the soap-box."

* * *

WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT IT?

Helen G. (speaking of the underground railway road of slavery days): "Mr. Brown, how long was this railroad? Did it run under ground all the way?"

* * *

REALLY LUCKY.

Mr. P. (speaking of rubber and cat's fur): "I can't use a rubber comb at all; it makes my hair stick up instead of lie down. I have to use a cheap comb—which is fortunate."

(Continued on page 26)

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news enough

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den truck.

SQUASHTOWN GAZETTE

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want somethink
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Gazette and get
somethink.
It's a fine paper

VOL. 1

SQUASHTOWN, U. S. A., MARCH, 1911

No. 1

MET WATCAFF HAS NERVE- WRACKING EXPERIENCE

Narrow Escape from Hold Up
and Death.

Large Amount of
Money on Person
at the Moment.

Met Watcalf, our honored store keeper, had a narrow escape from being robbed and perhaps murdered late last night.

As he was passing Karl Treegors corn field on his way home from his well known place of business when it was about 8:25 p. m. last eve. he heard a terrible suspicious rattling among the corn stalks which did not sound like a horse or other animal.

Met is one of the bravest

citizens in our midst, as you might say but he run clean back to town at a terrific pace and summoned Bow Dyers, our brave sheriff. Bow at once formed a posse from among our braver citizens and careful search of the corn field was made.

The murderer was not to be found however. Bow says he didn't find any clues but he calculates by deduction that the man wasn't found because he had escaped from the corn field. Bow is a great detective and ought to get more pay.

Home Lewes, friend of our sheriff, said he saw a stranger pass his blacksmith shop yesterday and mentioned the fact to several of our worthy citizens. This suspicious character was no doubt the renegade-villain who waylaid Met.

Met says he had 3 dollars 39c on his person at the time of his exciting experience, and we have no reason to disbelieve his statement.

MEAN TRICK PLAYED ON SQUASHTOWN BY THE GOVT.

Great Excitement Among Our
Worthy Citizens.

The gov't played a mean trick on the people of Squashtown in the recent census. It is well known to every one in our midst that the pop. of our town is 107 (one hundred and seven). The recent census report of the gov't only said we had 105 (one hundred and five) pop.

Our respected postmaster Mr. Karl Burkheimer, who has great influence at Washington, D. C. is going to send a protest to the president asking that the pop. be corrected.

The names left out were those of Mr. and Mrs. Low, two of our most respected citizens.

CHEAP CASH MDSE. STORE

MET WATCAFF, PROP. & MGR.

I wish to announce to my customers that I can not swap groceries &c for eggs for some time as I have a large amount on hand.

Butter is acceptable tho as I am going to make a shipment to the county seat next wk.

Met. Watcalf.

Kerosine Oil15c gal.
Best Kerosine Oil.....16c gal.
Prunes7c lb.

Salt Pork15c lb.
Lamp Wicks3 for 5c
Stove Blacking5c box
Shoe "10c box
Stove pipe15c joint
Navy beans4c lb.
Best calico....8c yd 2 for 15c
NailsVarious prices
Fancy candy—slightly
soiled5c lb.
Cough Drops...2 boxes for 5c
XXX Stock Food.....4c lb.

Yeast Foam5c pkb.
ShoesVarious prices

We have many other articles at various prices.

Notice—I have a very good pair of specks which I bought for my eyes while at the Co. seat last mo. which I can't see with, which I will sell cheap. They cost me 25c but any one needing them may have same for 20c.

Awful Fire!!

The worthy citizens of our town were treated to quite a sight last wk.

Widow Wilmer Fillup's wood-shed burned clear to the ground. Our fire dept. was called out and they did fine work. They had seven buckets in operation. Two of these were kindly loaned by Met Watcalf, our honored store keeper for the occasion. The dept. and the widow wish to thank Met thru these columns.

We are all sorry for the widow, but the hand of fate is just as apt to fall on her woodshed as any one's & we mustn't object to fate.

We would be glad if all our subs. would stop in & pay up their subscriptions. The editor's rent falls due next month.

WANT ADS.

Advertise in the Gazette and get rich.

Rates—The editor will dick-er with you at the office and the price be agreed upon.

To trade—I have several old magazines which I am thru with and am willing to swap for sugar, coffee or any article useful about the kitchen.

Apply Miss E. Louisiana Miller.

MALE HELP WANTED.

Wanted—A man, either mar-

ried or unmarried, to scrub the fire escape.

Apply Squashtown Hotel.
Libe Royslee, Prop.

Wanted—A white man to beat Jack Johnson.

Squashtown Athletic Club.
Al. Buckaning,
Prop.

Wanted—A butcher.
Apply Black Hand Associa-
tion.

Smoze Baker.

Wanted—a job delivering
vegetables.

Holl Yelliott.

PERSONALS.

Miss Cornie Planter, one of our respected citizens purchas-
ed 10 yds. of gingham yester-
day to make her a new easter
gown. We hope she looks aw-
ful nice in it.

Jake Kannervaugh brought
his bay team in for our black-
smith, Home Lewes to shoe
last wk.

Miss Katrina Joyce is visit-
ing her brother-in-law at Cran-
berry Corners this wk. We
hope she comes home soon.

Dutch Oldman our minister
is on the sick list at present.
His wife thinks it is the
mumps but our respected doc-
tor Dr. Dopem M. Beeny says
it is infantile paralysis.

Dutch says he don't know

what it is but wishes it wasn't.
Dutch always was witty.

Kass Kowan says if the
weather stays fine like this he
will have his corn in in a cou-
ple of wks. Kass lows this
will sure be a fine yr. for corn.

EDITORIALS.

Our respected post-master K.
Burkheimer has just got in a
new supply of postage stamps,
and hereafter will be able to
supply all comers at the usual
price.

The following pome was
recd. from a grateful reader
which we kindly publish:
Advertise in the Gazette
And you will get rich yet
Its a fine paper you bet.
With the Gazette you can set
And read for a long time, you
bet.

Very respectfully yours truly,
A Grateful Reader.

This is a fine pome and indi-
cates a fine poet, as you might
say. It is uplifting to know
we have a poet in our midst.
It sounds like our talented
young townsman Hon. Holler
R. Yelliott. Holl, was it you?

Citizens on our streets had
the opportunity of hearing a
fine argument on the next elec-
tion yesterday.

Chet Mulling the democrat
says Bryan will sure run again,
and Home Lewes our respected
blacksmith says Jack Johnson
will be our next president. The
men almost come to blows
when Home got riled & called
Chet a blame pig-headed fool.

ATTENTION SQUASHTOWN CITIZENS!

Big Attracksion coming to the
MELODIAN OPRY HOUSE.

A company of talented opra
players are coming to our opra
house on Apr. 7 & 10 and give

a fine play. "In Quarantine"
is the name. The advance
agent for the company says it
had a run of 300 nights (or
300 yrs.—our reporter isn't
sure which he said) in New
York.

It is reported that Miss La

Fiern Spangler and Miss Ruth
Lillian De Russell, two of the
leading stars of the whole
starry bunch are natives of
Squashtown, being born in our
midst a number of yrs. ago.
All our worthy citizens had
better attend this opra.



AND GEORGE DID—NOT.

Miss U.: "Casper, you may explain the twenty-third problem."

C. S.: "I don't believe I can."

Miss U.: "Oh, yes you can; try it."

C. S. (jerking his thumb at his seat mate): "Let George do it."

* * *

Heard in A senior history: "They went into the west to grow ground."

* * *

MY! HOW DRAMATIC!

Sadie R. (translating Rudenz proposal to Bertha in "William Tell"): "Bertha: 'Are you really here?'—""
"Rudenz (in an attempt to gain courage to pop the question): 'Now or never.'"

* * *

Seen in the assembly room: Frank Coffin studying. (Shocking.)

* * *

Found (by me, Geissinger)—A large amount of elocution which has had at some time an unseen inspiration. I will dispose of the same at any time you haven't your lessons and would enjoy a good long speech.

* * *

A Request (Gwen. McD.): If it is convenient to every one concerned, may I please have a seat on the platform and thereby facilitate my ocular journeys over the vast expanse of space and faces in the assembly room?

* * *

Seen Friday morning, March 3, at 8:29: Carl Heggen running to school.

* * *

JUST LITTLE THINGS.

Just a little primping,

Just a little noise,

Makes our intermissions

Almost lose their joys.

Just a little shirking,

Just a little slump;

Somebody's quit working.

Somebody will "flunk."

Just a little sleepy,

Just a little slow,

But when he gets to school

It is the "clock that will not go."

Just a little candy,

Just a little gum,

Makes our own selves happy

And our Quill sales bum.

* * *

Mr. M.: "What's the best kind of an animal for milking purposes?"

Ray: "Well—er—eh—it's got to be a cow."

* * *

Fred McN. (B senior Virgil): "Then they lead forth the young bees in a line. I suppose it is a bee line."

* * *

"Miss Wright, how long do we have to be 'three blind mice?'"

* * *

Miss W. (in sixth hour music): "Now, class, in this score, sustain your breath until the end and then smash joy!"
However, Joy was in school next day.

* * *

The following on Mr. Mitchell's black-board greeted his fourth hour class: "I am 'spachless.' Answer these ten questions."

* * *

Miss K. (in ancient history): "Don't mark that chair; put it in your head."

* * *

M. G. (in commercial geography): "Animals are not natural things, are they?"

Mr. M.: "They certainly are not artificial."

* * *

Miss K.: "What did Caesar do when he saw Pompey's head?"

Sol S.: "He wept with generous tears."

Miss K.: "What do you mean by generous tears?"

Sol S.: "The tears that just flow from his eyes."

* * *

Miss B.: "Leo, what makes you so late in coming to class?"

Leo J.: "I have to walk behind Harold Newman."

* * *

Mr. P.: "Lulu, how do you charge an electroscope by induction?"

Lulu: "Well, first you hypnotize the sealing wax——"



The High School Echo, Fort Dodge, Iowa: "The Evolution of Johnny" is a very clever introduction to your paper. Many more headings with appropriate cuts would liven your paper's appearance. An exchange column would also greatly improve your departments.

* * *

Black and Gold, Honolulu: The literary department of your December number is excellent. The pictures deserve commendation. An appropriate literary heading would make your paper more attractive.

* * *

The Bulletin, Davenport, Iowa: You have a well-balanced paper. Your society heading is clever.

* * *

The Forum, St. Joseph, Mo.: You have a well edited paper. The artistic headings are excellent. Cuts and cartoons would enliven the paper.

* * *

The Recorder, Winchester, Mass.: You are sadly in need of departments and headings. Your cartoons are good.

* * *

The Junior number of Orange and Black, East Waterloo, Iowa, is an excellent edition. The headings, reading material and all go to make a splendid high school paper.

* * *

A poet once said, "All men are liars." Therefore he was a liar. Therefore what he said was not true. Therefore all men are not liars. Therefore he was not a liar. Therefore what he said was true. Therefore all men are liars. Therefore

he was a liar. Therefore what he said was not true. Therefore all men are not liars. Therefore he was not a liar. Help! Help!!

* * *

CULLED FROM OUR EXCHANGES. CLASS STONES.

Freshman	Emerald
Sophomore	Moonstone
Junior	Soapstone
Senior	Grindstone
Post Grad.....	Tombstone

* * *

Bill: "If the devil had his way, whom do you think he would take first, you or me?"

Chas.: "Me, of course; he knows he can get you any day."

* * *

"What's the hardest thing about roller-skating when you're learning?" asked the hesitating beginner.

"The floor," answered the experienced one.

* * *

A SMALL BOY ON LENTEN SACRIFICE.

Father's gave up billiards
Since he lamed his wrist;
Sister's gave up dancing,
Mother's gave up whist.

Folks with no bad habits
Still may have some hope;
They can get in line like me—
I have gave up soap.

* * *

First Young Lady (learning golf):
"Dear me, what shall I do now? This ball is in a hole."

"Second Young Lady (looking over a book of instructions): "Let—me—see. I presume you will have to take a stick of the right shape and get it out."

First Young Lady: "Oh, yes, of course. See if you can find one like a dustpan and brush."

* * *

In a certain small English village there were two butchers living in the same street. One placarded his sausages at one shilling a pound, and the rival promptly placed eight pence on his card.

Number one then placed a notice in his window saying that sausages under one shilling could not be guaranteed.

Number two's response to this was the announcement: "I have supplied sausages to the king."

In the opposite window the following morning appeared an extra large card bearing the words: "God save the king."

* * *

The proprietor of a well-known patent medicine and a doctor of great learning once fell into conversation. The physician asked: "How is it that you, without education, skill, or the least knowledge of medicine, are able to live in the style you do? You have your town house, your motor car and your country house, while I can little more than pick up a bare subsistence."

The patent medicine man laughed good naturedly.

"Look here," said he, "how many people do you think have passed us while we have been talking?"

"Well," said the doctor, "about one hundred."

"And out of that hundred how many do you think possess good common-sense?"

"Possibly one," was the reply.

"Well," said the quack, "that one comes to you, and I take care of the ninety-nine."

* * *

"How does it happen that you are five minutes late at school this morning?" the teacher asked severely.

"Please, ma'am," said Ethel, "I must have overwashed myself."

"What explanation have you," the judge asked sternly, "for not speaking to your wife in five years?"

"Your honor," replied the husband, "I did not like to interrupt the lady."

* * *

A man descended from an excursion train and was wearily making his way to the street car, followed by his wife and fourteen children, when a policeman touched him on the shoulder and said:

"Come along wid me!"

"What for?"

"Blamed if I know, but when you are locked up I'll go back and find out why that crowd was following ye."

* * *

Exams and morning bell,
And one close call for me!
And may the Prof. his hardest question
keep,

For I am clear at sea.

At such a time my mind seems fast
asleep,

Too dull to think or write,
When that which seemed so easy once
Has taken flight.

Exams and closing bell,
And after that how sad!
And may there be no questions asked,
When I see Dad.

* * *

"Here's to you subscribers:

We appreciate your zeal.

And here's to you contributors,
Protectors of our weal.

Then here is to our faculty,
Our good and kind advisers;
And last to the men who make us go,
Here's to our advertisers."

* * *

WHO PAYS FOR ADVERTISING?
DOES THE CUSTOMER? NO! He
obtains better goods at lower prices by
reading them.

DOES THE ADVERTISER? NO!
He gets the usual profit on a new sale
and prospective profits on future sales.

THEN WHO DOES? MOST ASSUREDLY the man who does not advertise.

ADVERTISE IN THE QUILL. It
goes to six hundred homes seeking the
best at the lowest.

Our Advertisers

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Garfield Clothing Co....East Sixth and Locust	Engle-Enade, Drugs516 East Locust
Frankel Clothing Co.....513-17 Walnut	Grand Avenue Pharmacy, E. 16th and Grand
Hansen & Anderson, Clothing, 509-11 E. Locust	Elliott-Anderson, Furniture.....424 E. Locust
Globe Clothiers.....Fourth and Walnut	O'Hara Bros., Barber Shop...413 East 16th St.
Guiberson Costume Co.....504 Walnut	Woods' Pharmacy.....1028 East Grand
Home Savings Bank....East Sixth and Locust	H. L. Rowat, M. D..... East Sixth and Locust
Capital City State Bank..East Fifth and Locust	Arthur C. Hanger, Jeweler...526 East Locust
Capital City Commercial College, 921 Walnut	Holmes-Irving Co., Jewelry..517 East Locust
W. M. Celandier, Groceries....614 East Grand	W. H. Barnes, Barber Shop, E. Fifth and Locust
Windsor-Purity Candy Company...125 2d St.	Randall Lumber Co.....640 East Grand
Drake University...25th and University Ave.	Rees Gabriel Lumber Co., E. 5th and Court
Bishard Brothers, Printing.....522 E. Walnut	Jahn-Ollier Engraving Co.....Good Block
Delaware Coal Company.....642 East Grand	Webster, Photographer...312-314 Sixth Ave.
Swanwood Coal Company, 408 East Sixth St.	Hopkins Bros., Sporting Goods, 618 W. Locust
Sampson & Hauge, Flours, 224 Des Moines St.	

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Mornings and evenings soliciting subscriptions to

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We carry the most extensive display of goods to be
found in the city. A call will convince you that
our assertion is correct.

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516 East Locust St.

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Material of all Kinds

1215 Grand Ave. and 640 East Grand Ave.

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Opticians and Jewelers

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Call and see what we have to suit
you for a

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Prices Lowest Possible

MADE A LITTLE BETTER THAN NECESSARY

Windsor-Purity Candy Company

DES MOINES, IOWA

Manufacturers of

Purity Chocolates

Delaware Coal Company

MINERS AND SHIPPERS OF

High Grade Iowa Coal

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519 GOOD BLOCK

BOTH PHONES

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Our handsome Spring Suits are accepted by young men as interpreting their ideas of style. They are of smart fabrics, and are cut and tailored with all the style that can be worked into a suit. Mr. Young Man, if you're after smartness in a Spring and Summer Suit, here's where you can get what you are looking for. We'll be pleased to show you any day.

Handsome Spring Suits \$10 to \$30; Correct Blocks in Hats; Choice Toggery of All Sorts.

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"THE HOME OF GOOD CLOTHES"

509-11 EAST LOCUST STREET

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Miners and Shippers

Our Chunks

are especially prepared over shaker screens

Our Egg or Range

is hand-picked. Just the thing for furnace or kitchen

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Each Team Captain is invited to call and see our line and make a selection early, because the stock is likely to be broken when season opens. **We make special prices to all Clubs.**

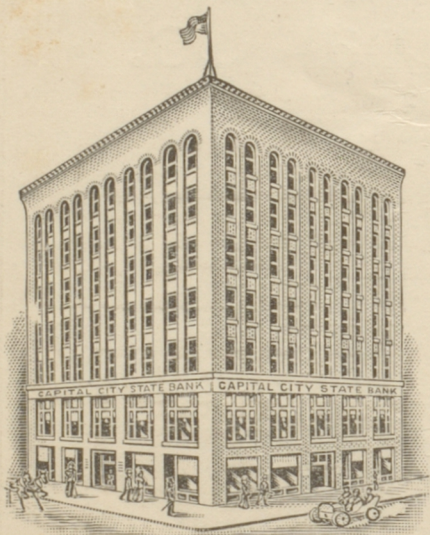
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HOPKINS BROTHERS CO.,

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DES MOINES, IOWA

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before you can fully appreciate its great value as a promoter of success.

A savings account opened with this strong, old bank will encourage thriftiness—spur you on to greater endeavor—enable you to keep ahead instead of lagging behind in the race.

Don't wait to make a large deposit—start now with any amount you have and let it grow here.

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DES MOINES, IOWA

